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**Identifying Narrative Perspective**

**Directions:** Read the following passages and determine the narrative perspective, then explain how you were able to identify the point of view- if the passage is third person, explain which character’s thoughts are revealed.

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| --- |
| **Narrative Perspective (point of view):** first-person, second-person, third-person objective, third-person limited, third-person omniscient. |

8. **How to grill** by Steven Raichlen

Once you have your grill assembled, the next thing to decide is where to put it. A grill puts out a lot of heat, so you should position it several feet away from the side of the house or any plants or shrubbery. You’ll have an easier time with a spot that is sheltered from the wind. When positioning a grill on a wooden deck, remember that sparks and live embers can fall from a charcoal grill.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character’s thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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9. **Anne of Green Gables** by L. M. Montgomery

Marilla’s lips twitched understandingly. She had expected Mrs. Rachel to say this; she had known that the sight of Matthew jaunting off so unaccountably would be too much for her neighbor’s curiosity. If Marilla had said that Matthew had gone to Bright River to meet a kangaroo from Australia Mrs. Rachel could not have been more astonished. She was actually quiet for five seconds. It was unsupposable that Marilla was making fun of her, but Mrs. Rachel was almost forced to suppose it.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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10. **Alice's adventures in Wonderland** by Lewis Carroll, John Tenniel

Alice was beginning to get very tired of sitting by her sister on the bank, and of having nothing to do: once or twice she had peeped into the book her sister was reading, but it had no pictures or conversations in it, “and what is the use of a book,” thought Alice, “without pictures or conversations?” So she was considering, in her own mind whether the pleasure of making a daisy-chain would be worth the trouble of getting up and picking the daisies, when suddenly a White Rabbit with pink eyes ran close by her.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

If it is third-person, which character’s thoughts are revealed? \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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11. **Shiloh** by Phyllis Reynolds Naylor

The day Shiloh come, we’re having us a big Sunday dinner. Dara Lynn’s dipping bread in her glass of cold tea, the way she likes, and Becky pushes her beans over the edge of her plate in her rush to get ’em down. Ma gives us her scolding look. We live high up in the hills above Friendly, but hardly anybody knows where that is. Friendly’s near Sistersville, which is halfway between Wheeling and Parkersburg. Used to be, my daddy told me, Sistersville was once of the best places you could live in the whole state.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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12. **The Skull of Truth: A Magic Shop Book** by Bruce Coville, Gary A. Lippincott

To his astonishment, Charlie found himself standing next to his bicycle, back where he had entered the swamp. That was bizarre and upsetting—but not as bad as the realization that he was still holding the skull. He thought he had dropped it before he raced out the door. He certainly hadn’t intended to steal the thing. He didn’t even really want it!

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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13. **From the Mixed-up Files of Mrs. Basil E. Frankweiler** by E. L. Konigsburg

Claudia knew that she could never pull off the old-fashioned kind of running away. That is, running away in the heat of anger with a knapsack on her back. She didn’t like discomfort; therefore, she decided that her leaving home would not be just running from somewhere but would be running to somewhere. To a large place, a comfortable place, an indoor place, and preferably a beautiful place. And that’s why she decided upon the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York City.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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14. **White Fang** by Jack London

They spoke no more until camp was made. Henry was bending over and adding ice to the bubbling pot of beans when he was startled by the sound of a sharp snarling cry of pain from among the dogs. Henry grunted with a tone that was not sympathy, and for a quarter of an hour they sat on in silence, Henry staring at the fire, and Bill at the circle of eyes that burned in the darkness just beyond the firelight.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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15. **Mary Poppins** by P. L. Travers, Mary Shepard

They found themselves in bed and watching, by the dim light from the night-light, the rest of Mary Poppin’s unpacking being performed. From the carpet bag she took out seven flannel nightgowns, four cotton ones, a pair of boots, a set of dominoes, two bathing-caps and a postcard album. Jane an Michael sat hugging themselves and watching. It was all so surprising that they could find nothing to say. But they knew, both of them, that something strange and wonderful had happened at Number Sevennteen, Cherry-Tree Lane.

Narrative Perspective: \_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_\_

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